

ALHARF

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Summer 2017

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New Delhi

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The Mission

The literature is the abstract of the human experiences. It's the assemblage of all the smiles and tears and all the pain and pleasure. We can't imagine our life without literature, and the world's beauty will be profoundly deficient without the literature, its essential element.

By its various genres, the literature appears as a rainbow, and by its different styles, it appears as a colored garden.

The Alharf English literary journal is a color of a pen beside her fellow and a soul between her friends. Alharf tries delightedly to chant within the wide universe of the writing's songs, and this is our literature a mixing of clear letters and high artistry.

Alharf English Literary Journal is a quarterly literary journal based in New Delhi. Contact us on:

alharfjournal@gmail.com

The Website: <http://www.theharf.in>

The blog: alharfeljournal.blogspot.com/

The cover painting by Pasqual Bettio

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The Authors

The Alharf English Literary Journal is a quarterly journal produced by the Arabian Cultural House in India.

<http://www.theharf.in/index.php>



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Submission Guidelines

Alharf English literary journal is a quarterly literary journal based in New Delhi, with daily digital edition.

We intend all types of the literature; poetry, fiction and nonfiction.

Although we emphasize the importance of clear message in literature, we also assert the centrality of delicate language touch and the high artistry technique of expression in any literary piece, so we like the literature to be in this integrated system, where the clear message presents with high artistry.

We accept any unpublished literary piece reaching its literary goals. Simultaneous submission is fine, but please inform us if the work was accepted elsewhere.

We are independent journal, so we cannot pay, but by publishing here, we say to the writer that he is a real literary writer. For submission, you can send your work to the following email:

alharfjournal@gmail.com

Please send the pieces in word document with short biography.

Poetry: up to 3 poems.

Fiction and nonfiction up to 500 words

We like the critical essays with any size.



Two Poems

William S. Peters, Sr.

Mount Kyllini

*the temporal fabric
cloaked the wonder of man
and consciousness
could not pierce the veil
the Seven Sisters were gleeful
for their plan
appeared to be succeeding
raining false hopes
capturing the wills of men
as nymphs do
they defiantly deceived
our aspirations
yet we reached to embrace them
and their allure
as they danced
in the cradle of the Bull
their bitterness and anguish
knew no end
since the death of Hyas
whose nobility
was their guide of a higher order
they have wept for aeons
inside
as they exacted their misdirection
upon Father's pride
men
suicide was a consideration
when Atlas went on journey beyond*

*but eternity would not release them
from it's grasp
so they blinded all they could see
that their errant judgments
would only be disclosed
in the inner light
of those who knew
of the legend of Arcadia
upon the Mount Kyllini*

and it is simply heavenly

*sweet as buttercups
and fresh as morning dew
she comes to me
with an offering from her soul
a piece of heaven*

*i remember her
from the days beyond memory
of mortal men
for she is my Goddess
and i serve her court
of love*

*it is in my dreams i first met her
and her magic was offered
that she could manifest
into my reality
and i am grateful*

*i have kissed her
a thousand times a thousand times
each day
and my way
my walk
my thoughts
my smiles
have all been graced
to taste
the fruit
that angels whisper of*

*and in the realms
where butterflies fly
on into eternity
with our wonder
and light
it is she who have given my soul it's wings
for this flight*

*into her arms
that i may indulge her charms*

and it is simply . . . heavenly

Note: The writing in small letters is the style of the poet.

William S. Peters, Sr. (1951), USA

Poet, Author, and Publisher

Website: <http://www.innerchildpress.com>



The Unravelled Path

Neelam Malik

I celebrate this jocund journey

Ponder as a connoisseur

Mingling the earthly roads

I searched a new road

Unravelled Path to the caves

To ignite my inner flame

It lays to the meadow of heart

Invisible to the lands visible

Anxious to hear that call

Virtues sitting on its paves

Sliding all the passers by

Unaware of them, I pass

Here on the threshold, I

Taking the picturesque pictures

Crafting the magical muse

Feeling the nexus

And crossing the frontiers

But led by an endearing dream

Whiplash flows

Caring the hold

No declining ends

Pines and lilacs surround

From the grounded ground

I celebrate the meeting points

This cave is embalming

Always as a peer power

A heart's content

Tranquility castled

Once a cessation

Coils the greater as I move

With ups and downs

Across the country

I caught a glimpse of light

Aura auroral

Where it leads?

A commendable endeavour eve?

All shivers here

Ascending the adorable path

For this magnanimous road

Waves of heart dancing

For this unravelled path

I clasp the beauty adorned

Ah! My coevals

I find it here

The catharsis of love

I'll not open my lips

Thou shalt enter to feel

The unravelled path

The destination of the path

The sojourn sights and sounds.

The painting: Sunday sky Early morning by Robert Rhodes

Dr. Neelam Malik alias Chaudhary (b. 1972) India

Poet



The Narrow Circle

(A real story)

Mohamed A Radwan

Translated from Arabic by Ahmed Shafer

The Muezzin's strong voice was loud: " Allahu Akbar .. Allahu Akbar ". This was the first time in which I pray the Friday pray while I was sitting picturing my father aged eighty four years old standing up as well praying a head me in that mosque. I grieved because I sat down during praying— despite I didn't reach fifty years of my age due to my suffering of the knee roughness - in a white plastic chair beside the old men aged between seventy and eighty years, they lined up in ranks. Features of calm and quiet appeared on their foreheads. The sweat is dripping from my head, I feel the moment lowering my head, but the truth is already existed to announce at this moment that I sit down to pray at the end of the mosque through Several rows of plastic chairs which were arranged to those people that God permitted them to pray as they were on this case. I may stay on this case remembering when I was buying the fair and good shoes in black or vinous colors which manufactured from the natural leather. I bought them from a famous shop "the golden shoe" in Mehatet El-Raml wherever this shop was known in selling that good brand of shoes. These shoes were giving me a distinctive sense of confidence during my walk providing me with its regulator rhythm. These shoes always were giving me a sense of euphoria and pride. The sweat was still flowing on my face, my fingers have not been able to wipe a lot after became wet of these sweat drops. While I'm was sitting in this corner of the mosque, which devoid of ceiling fans for the sake of those arranged old people, I meditated my lovely position in the mosque at which I prayed as long as at that surrounding. Since the time of building the mosque of " Nour El-Eslam " in Camp Chizar neighborhood in 1970,*

The Imam of prayers has been Sheikh* " Saleh ", that was the educated person who taught the Arabic language, he gave us a lot of it through his talks. But what was the most important reason which differentiates him as a muslim propagandist was a valid reason in my attraction to his style and his way in the invitation to Islam, that was the tone of his voice. Sheikh* "Saleh" had a songful kind voice, his voice had attractive security and mildness making you to attract to him and surrender. He preaches in gentle and affecting methods without shouting, specially, we were sitting as prayers in calmness, not preparing ourselves to fight in war, not required from Sheikh to motivate us to carry our swords or spears for fighting. His soft calm way, made us feel that he was as a teacher who teaches us a lesson in religion or language using a simple valid Arabic language, not complicated.*

Sheikh Saleh was glistening in the Ramadan month, in so much my two sisters agreed with Their neighbors in the quarter to meet each other in Taraweeh pray through flourishing seventeenth Age, To the extent that my aunts girls came from Cairo to Alexandria in the month of Ramadan, specifically to rejoin Taraweeh prayers behind Sheikh Saleh, Which was transformed into spiritual food with his warm voice as everyone could suspend to the vocal cords of his beautiful voice on this far dimension. My sweat began to dry a little bit on my face after I performed my pray to greet the mosque, I waited Imam -Sheikh Saleh- commencement and its end time accounting the talk period on the pulpit - In non-intentionally -. This period often was not more than twenty minutes, it sometimes exceeds 5 minutes maximum. Sheikh Saleh greeted the prayers then the muezzin declared the pray with strong voice. Sheikh Saleh began his talk with expressions concerning thanking God then blessed and prayed upon the Prophet Mohamed, Ending his beginning talk with his usual saying " The person who God guide him is the guided person and whom misguides, no one guides him " then added " hey, brothers, believers – today, I'd like to tell you the absolute truth, which told us by the Prophet Mohamed who said: " the people are in inattention, if they died, they would pay attention. if Adam's son died, Judgment Day would be raised. A man came to the Prophet Mohamed and asked him: When's the Judgment

Day? Prophet Mohamed Said: "What have you prepared for it? Have you prepared to it sins? Have you prepared to her sinners? Do you have what disgrace when you stand in front of the Lord, whenever you are sole and naked? No money and no authority nor kinship. The silken voice of Sheikh in which he says words like sung sweetness words The intonation of his voice was as coming from the upper heavens, like Angels landed on the lips of Sheikh and threw speak quietly then the listeners, the talk and the mosque intone these mosque's ceilings on which surrounded by the verses of the Qur'an in golden color. Suddenly, someone in front groaned. When I moved my view suspended with the Sheikh mouth to the first rows of worshipers, I saw a young man in his thirties age, white skinned color; shaven face, wearing a white robe, a black silky hair. Stands like a bewildered in the middle of the circle. He raised his hands as if wondering or looking for a way out. Revolving around himself baffled. It seemed clear to the worshipers as if this young man was locked in place and his hands pulled up as if he were still raise a hidden load over his shoulders, Sheikh Saleh glanced the young man then he pointed gently to his neighbors to fetch him to Imam's room in the another side of mosque, One of the men stood up to enfold him gently, but the young man slapped himself a second time, then a third and a fourth. The man was forced to hug the young man strongly to prevent him from what he does. (There is no power except with Allah) I found myself repeat this phrase, maybe it is soothing the horror of what is happening in front of me. Worshipers' grunts were raised next to me and no one realized what was the young man's secret? This young man puzzled me while my head was soaked in sweat. He had the characteristics of someone, is he like me? Is he white skinned? But I'm black, he is silky hair and I'm curly. Maybe this mole above his left cheek, I have one like it. Perhaps I was a young white, silky hair in the old time. The Sheikh voice alerted me, he said (Arise, for your pray, God's mercy for you). I couldn't stand up as well the person sitting next to me and who is in front, but the audience who filled the mosque had stood up, crowed and arranged the rows. As I'm sitting, the sweat drops were flowing from my head, as if the rain washes myself.

** Muezzin: the person who calls for the Islamic pray.*

** Imam : the person who is the leader of the Islamic prayers.*

** Sheikh : it's the title of the most religious muslim person.*

The painting: The painting: January Snow by Robert Rhodes.

Mohamed Abd-El Warith Radwan,(b.1958) Egypt

Novelist



The Love Lines

Abd-Uljabar Fyad

Translated from Arabic by Sozan Jamil

*You are still above my notebook
Pouring your shadow which I know
So everything drowns
You are a beginning of an end
And an end of a beginning
You are sailing of love
That no shores can gather it*

*Between my fingers
You write my letters about you
And whip them when the letters open wounds that made by your hands
Were not you his wound, it was, and it moved him out of the paradise?*

*No, write everything
Let it free
As he brought her the day she born
No fear of sin
The time moved back before two
And kept in mind what they forgot*

*Write the brown letters
The unfaithful
The arrogant
The almond- shaped
It is you! Scattered in the parts of a tired soul*

*When you notice a rebellious character
It is a remain of me*

*Before I know you
And before the horizon is colored by rainbow
And a bird chases its voice in a moisten morning
And a rose granted its color to a butterfly which is dozy and musky
To traveler longing handkerchiefs*

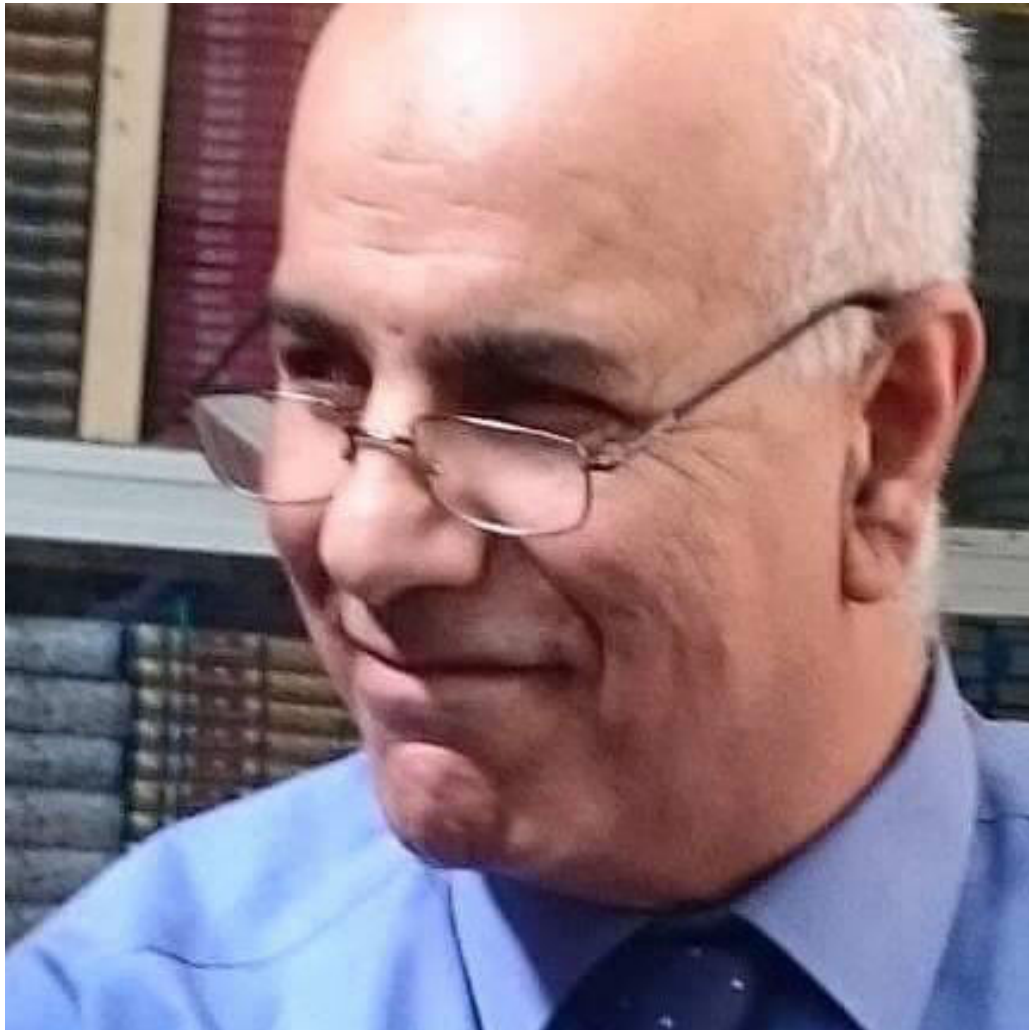
*You become silent
It is a holly, closed distance
On a charm no one recognizes it except two angels in Babylon
Rituals above what things could be
And under feet that hold a dome of beauty
Love has wings that hold Alps
And wipes latitude and longitude
And cancels visa
When does the world become an arena free of bullfight?*

*Love is revelation
Inserts into poem's chamber
And every time it returns virgin
A language is written by lightening bug of dew
On moisten leaves of mulberry
Close harvests in baskets of girls' who do not know a map for their world*

*Put the pen down
And read in my eyes
My most beautiful poems:
The universe is a woman*

By Abd-Uljabar Fyad, (b. 1947),Iraq

Poet



"Schwarzkopf's Hummers"

The language of mirrors and the mosaic text.

Kareem Abdullah

Translated from Arabic by Lateef Dhmayd

The Mass Destruction Weapons have a flavor emboldened the frantic hummers to ride the distant oceans, fill the spaces with black locusts, sow AIDS in Maitreya's land with diseased fierce to discover the maps of hamburger. The mouths of the cities stuffed with bitter melodies convinced of the game utility and the rape of the coming dreams. She closes her voracious eyes devouring the noises of the streets, Suq Harraj shops and the flowers of the Tigris. The villages, over there, unleashed their Sumerian horses with their dark chests, spreading rampant fires satisfied with concentrating their red shells demolishing the cylinder seals on Inanna's gilded saddles, opening the doors of Hell to devour green and dry wood alike. She leaps, pokes the morning in the cellars of the gloomy night, and falsifies the moon shine. On their harsh squaws, she brings the noise and nuclear warheads with the boasting of her vulgar shadow. She is spreading her anarchies dwarfs smashing the wings of the bull behind Nimrod barricades where their mindless bombed speeches lined besieging the history with the clowns whose vices are rotten museums warring crows sprinkling hallucinations fully obsessed in the robe of sedition dying.

- Schwarzkopf: General Commander of US forces in the Gulf War against Iraq.
- Maitreya: the World Teacher. Sug Haraj: Pandemonium market.
- Inanna: the daughter of Ann Lord of heaven in the Uruk.
- Eat green b price everybody: from the Iraqi folk sayings.
- Wings of the Bull: the winged bull destroyed by Isis savages.
- Nimrod: Location in Iraq, and specifically in the south of the Iraqi city of Mosul.

Kareem Abdulhha, (b. 1962), Iraq , Poet



Two Poems
Anwer Ghani

The Lake Chants

Do you hear the chants of the lake? She touches my heart with a whisper from a remote love. All the soft days take their colors from her water, and our warm corners drown in her tales with deep smiles. Her wet dreams fill our internal with the freedom's breaths, and on her hands you can see a beautiful paint, but our hearts are so young to understand her glances.

The Springs Lovers

The spring glisters like a girl, and when her water waking up, he mixes his coffee with all blue songs. My palms are springs' lovers, and they can't hide their ardors in the yearning moments. What can I do if the windows of our deep can't see but hopeless love?

Anwer Ghani (b. 1972), Iraq

Writer, Author, Editor



Featured Poet : Shujaat Hussain

Dr. Shujaat Hussain (b.1965) is an Indian celebrated literary critic, eminent book reviewer, and sensitive poet and creative author of eminence. He is credited to be widely anthologized in Indian history of English poetry. He has been honored with several national and international accolades for unique qualities in his writing that reflects individuality and leads a new trend that is fully dedicated to the welfare of humanity through his criticism and poetry. Stood first in M.A. (English), secured distinction in American Literature. He did his Ph.D on the Mind and Art of Khushwant Singh.

It is simple that review power is so much explosive in narrative as well as romantic in nature like the shower of beauty from the sky of the literary moonlight. He surprises the poet whose poetry is analyzed by his pen. He is genius of many excellences. His analysis is wide ranged and intellectually well focused. His article makes writers and poets think about themselves and their capabilities. He is a true, dedicated and great critic and he is an excellent explorer of poetry. Writers need the soul of Shujaat Hussain since his spirit awakens from slumber and provides fresh and fragrant zeal and verve to the thoughts.

More than 55 newspapers, magazines and journals of national and international repute have carried his poems, literary articles, reviews and interviews.

Poems, literary articles and reviews have been translated into Greek, Chinese, Japanese, German, Korean and several Indian regional languages and are available on many Webpages and various sites of newspapers, magazines and journals.

Poems By Shujaat Hussain

THE PEN

What is a pen?

Difficult for the poets to define.

Like flowers spreads fragrance,

A bouquet to charm the mind

A bullet to pierce the heart

Light to overcome darkness,

Heavenly spark to enlighten the ignorant.

The only resource is ink,

Irrespective of colours.

Use alphabet to make words,

A sentence, a paragraph

To mould the minds.

To express the minds and the hearts,

To yield a shape to the fair feelings

And the sublime thoughts.

The latest and most sophisticated,

Laser guided and supersonic weapons

A source of annihilation,

But the feeble and ordinary pen

Effects to spread knowledge and learning

Into this world of turmoil and tribulations.

*The pen represents the written form,
The creation and the events
The countless generations from the beginning to the end.
Have a mystic expression of the knowledge.*

*What the sun plays the role
Above the head in the sky,
The pen on the earth
Affects the life of men.*

*Let us imagine the wonderful use,
The degree of the importance,
The art of writing,
The source of knowledge.*

*What would have been
The state of the affairs
Of the human life on the earth today
In the absence of the pen.
We could not have recognize our God
And even to ourselves.
How do you praise your beloved?
The scientists could not have define their theory*

To make a history

And to earn glory.

SPIRITUAL SPIRIT

*Non visionary can fly with waxen wings
To soar high to touch sky for all springs
In rising sun with its heat and glow
Touches earth like the pale leaf in a blow*

*A world of profit, power and delight
Cozy comfort whirlpool of short flight
Delicate petal sweet source of beauty
Learn how it performs nature's duty*

*The clouds move from place to place to rain
Where will it rain not known to brain?
Why are you called in the world supreme being?
Just above animals to be human beings*

*Politicians can't raise the wind or rend
Nor in their hands to cause ripple or bend
Loss of our will make them rule over us
Still chance left to come out of this fuss*

*Cease evil deeds before it ruin the mind
As worldly wings gives pride to make blind
Doom enables a man to conquer treasure
One piece of bread with pulse provides pleasure*

*Spiritual spirits are adoptable and inspiring
Efforts of saints and sages have been untiring
Domes and tombs enshrine India united
Morn temple bells keep us delighted*

*If you wish to serve your mother land
Keep it up on your head as a brand
Millions of blessings follow your mission
Hope of New India is our ambition.*

TRUTH

*Truth as high as where our thought can't fly
Sweet as honey; as lofty as the seventh sky.*

*Truth is the highest refuge all
How do we do as the toughest of all.*

*It joins millions of hearts together
Resolve to adhere in all weather.*

*Do we have enough for this duty?
As sacrifice ahead is surety.*

*To follow the truth is, indeed
Courage and patience, full of virtuous deed.*

*All ensuring imbalances cause clamour
Don't float 'axis of centrifuge' a rumour.*

Absence of truth waged world wide war

Yet another hangs over since we are far.

*When the rulers of the day practice
Untruth surely subjects face injustice.*

*That scriptures of the world inscribe
'No duty' higher than truth, do it prescribe.*

*Practice truth before work and worship
Many fold worth increases before Lordship.*

*God has blessed us the moon and the sun
Ignite a candle, have a great fun!*

VOICE OF POET

*The poet has a dream
He sees crystal stream
His verse flies to sky
Angels read and cry*

*Terror, murder, hunger
Sales of arms, war monger
Doing harms to creatures
Creator watches their features*

*Sufferings and sorrows
Sighs and wail follows
Cropping up on His earth
Eroding their own worth*

*Verses contain heart and mind
Vase of thoughts that angels find
The poet's creation that God tells
The universal constructive bells*

*His verse conquers gloom
Smiles on faces bloom
Prophet of peace and love
Blesses wings to fly dove*

WHAT MAKES WOMAN FEMINISM?

Smile or skin

Lips or hips

Cheek or meek

Waist or taste

Looks or boobs

Virginity or virility

Cloudy hair or sparkling eyes

Softness or coyness

Curves or verves

Charming or warming

Mentality

Physicality

Or sensuality

Smells of jasmine

And roses

Fresh as a daisy

Rhythmic gracious

Frail or wail

Sweet or sour

Server or servile

Knitted webs

Or controlled ebbs

An enigmatic riddle

That bears feminism

Leads different taste

Savour you the best

WIT AND WISDOM OF WOMEN

*Unflinching faith in determination of women
Take them ahead from many adventurous men*

*Proven possession of wit and wisdom
With the quality can shake vast kingdom*

*Men have witnessed mighty storm
When they take power of goddess form*

*Those are fool who consider weak
Of course by nature they are meek*

*Social conditions make them feeble
Women of the day has display it negligible*

*Homely women take the course of action
Never curse your life need your conviction*

Don't feel inferior remove inferiority complex

Draw lines to conquer make your lives simplex

*Nature of women is to cooperate and care
Feel problems of others ready to share*

*Golden praise worthy traits good for the nation
Our country will witness a new revolution*

*From the age of ignorance to the period of modernity
They have been victims of injustice and men's barbarity*

*Women are parallel in carrying responsibility
Their honours and awards speak of the ability*

*Upbringing of men and women are skill of women
Even the brilliant men bow head before their acumen*

*To celebrate Mother's Day in a calendar
Is humiliation of the sacred word of mother*

*Mohammad, Ram, Christ, Buddha and Moses
Are by the mothers sublime fragrant roses*



Three Poems
Vanita Agrawal

HEALING

*My tread bleeds
as I cross this world
A need for love rinses every rising day
I need to connect the dots of home again.*

*Being here, doing what needs to be done
through filaments of inner light,
the mind fells great oak trees of time
with brave golden knives.*

*What forces set in motion the hush that fills the sea?
How do fireflies sparkle?
Why do I slip away under my breath?
Why does lonesomeness engulf me on starlit nights?*

I want the pages of life to be gentle

written in smooth ink

May the liquid walls of darkness

never drown the boats of hope.

This self-mastery over falling

and getting up again

acquired over many lifetimes or just one

is the whole point of existence - to heal and be healed.

A LETTER TO AN OLD LOVER

My dear love,

It is damp near the sky

And I am just like the night -

seeking something luminous over the horizons

tracing the sadness of stars with my eyes

locking the marks of your absence

in my heart.

Reasons have things hidden in their folds.

There must be a reason why you left,

without a word.

So I always say, light up half of me

Let the other half stay charred

I love the other old half of myself.

The rain has plotted against me this season,

soddening my calendar in the downpour

Making days go away as days - Never loved.

Clouds grieve seeing the hands of the ticking clock

The haze near my dreams is violet.

I realize now that my breath lied about everything.

Your nearness, your distance

the blue disappointment of words left unspoken between us

I absorb the glowing diamonds at the tomb of solitude.

My love, the years have taken away my whys.

NOWHERE TO GO

Nowhere to go

Nowhere to hide

Shadows too slip away

*In the still waters, a still moon
holds my breath
swallowing me gently.*

*I am cold now, my summer chilled
This is how ashes must feel
especially when they meet rivers in seasons of loss*

*A nest on the tree aches in loneliness
I see pain in the bare branches
clawing at the skies*

*The night cannot be peeled away;
it is in the yolk of my birth
I lie abandoned in its path*

The last bird on the tree has flown.

Vinita Agrawal (b. 1965), India



Southern Snow
Fareed Ghanem

*I know him since he surprisingly visited us at our childhood quarter.
At that auburn day, we'd just filled up our pockets by our fists, snatched
warm embers from the fireplace and from a dragon dwelling inside the
tale, then leaked out through holes of the closed windows, gone out to
merge sky with earth in the mud of the alley, and run outside time.*

*I don't remember why clouds looked like the blade of that knife, by which
our neighbor used to cut forbidden tobacco leaves, but they were
shedding white dresses, so hens were quivering, the rooster swallowed its
tongue and the almond tree slept while standing.*

*He was there, a wild goose as large as the sea which we'd been told
about during Geography classes. At that moment, I saw voices freeze,
clotheslines bare on roofs, sparrows turning to fluffy steel balls, while air
squatting on piles of dead straw.*

There I first knew him.

*We'd been told that his name is 'Snow'. But what I saw was just parades
of brides, wavering down on a silky road between the absolute and the
concrete. I'd been drowned by savage love for small things I used to play
with, while listening to white horses' neighs throbbing in my veins. And
when Snow branded me a knight over roads paved by milk, my heart
became a feather. Then, I deeply cried on my mom's bosom, out of joy,
when my fingers were scattered on happy stones.*

But Snow fled faraway and never came back. Mountains fencing our eyes became shorter. Since that auburn day, days took the color of noise, paths became tightened around our feet and our pockets turned to be filled up with gasp.

Since that day, crunchy snow is growing in my head, and each time two clouds assemble in our sky, the dragons come out of the tale cavities, slaughters the goose which is as large as that sea we learned about in Geography classes, and splashes fire and brimstone over the remnants of our lips.

Fareed Ghanem (b.1958), Palestine.



Bon Voyage
Balika Sengupta

Again, And Again,
I will Come,
Now I am here,
Someday, I will be there,
Again One day, I will anywhere,
I don't take birth and die,
Only an Illusion, Nothing to Cry,
In An Eternal Journey,
SPIRITUAL BEING in HUMAN JOURNEY.

Moving And Moving On,
And On.
A cycle.
Only A Costume Gain And Costume Gone.
I am the Eternal LIGHT, Always,
And always on.

ETERNAL, INCORPOREAL LIGHT,
Light and Might,

*Soul I am,
Soul we are,
Embodiment of,
Eternal Knowledge, Power,
Enriched with Purity , Love , Peace,
Happiness and Bliss,
“ That’s All” A,
Soul can wish.*

*Let’s Relish together,
Let’s Realize together,
Let’s Real-eyes together,
With Ocean of good wishes and care,
“We” are Sitting on the Same train,
But the destination,
Are the different Stations,
While, Journey in a train,
We smiled together, made interactions,
Food, love.
Care and cared,
Happiness, Lots of Good wishes,
Together we shared,
Forgotten Everything.
Temporary-ness of Everything
Only the “Eternal Truth”*

Is the Permanency of Journey.

*Now the Passengers, come in,
Shock and Agony,
Paleness of Face, in Prominence
Gone the Face, Blooming and Shiny,
When “Our” destination Comes,
When “Our” station Comes,
We can’t move with them more.
We must remember,
For our ticket is there,
Up to there only.*

Never feel lonely.

*We’re Almighty’s creation lovely.
“HE” himself created us So Beautifully.
With a big Smile, “Depart” with them Soulfully.
You are a God’s Child, Holy.
Believe, your “Father” Loves You,
From “His” Heart Truly.*

Let us Live and Live others Jolly.

*Pleasure in face, For a new “Attire”
Come out of the Train! Breathe in a “Fresh Air”.
Wow! New Train is waiting for me, in this new station.
With Welcoming, Co-passengers.*

In a New Journey, with New Awakening and Aware.

Let's Unite, we all are Souls.

Let's Ignite, we all are Souls.

Let's Reserve, our Tickets, For Inner Journey.

Need not to mourn , fear and Agony.

Reserve your Tickets For Inner Journey.

Preserve, Inner Beauty, BE Faqir and Sage,

Divine days Spiritual Age.

Will free you , From Every Negativities Cage.

Enables you to Spread Positive Rays.

GOOD BYE, BON VOYAGE,

GOOD BYE, BON VOYAGE,

- *note { faqir- noun of faqr, is a person who is self-sufficient and only possesses the spiritual need for god, Sufi holy men }*

Balika Sengupta (b. 1979), India



TWO POEMS

Hasmukh Amathalal

.(b. 1947)

India

Two Poems

Hasmukh Amathalal

WHISPER LOVER

*Why do I feel moon's coolness?
What bring freshness?
Why my face always smiles?
I try to find no reasons*

*May be it is nature's law!
That allows
Equal feeling for all
To react to call*

*Now I feel
And find upheaval
In body and in temper
As if I am lover*

*The morning breeze
Touch my body and freeze
All my thoughts from thinking wrong
Instead prompt me to sing a song*

*I am no different
But feel at present
As wild cuckoo
To whisper "love you"*

WHITE SNOW

Autoplay next video

Soon the white may turn into green

The earth may come up with green scene

The flowers and trees may boom with new leaves

The anxiety and worries may soon be relieved

The snow clad mountains remind of us if impossible

Another picture of reality for future struggle

The sun may covered with lot more to add

The cold may grip with more miseries to be told

I can not be carried away with little set back

I can always carry forward and swing with attach

The thought shall never die with season's arrival

Only words and action should not prove dismal

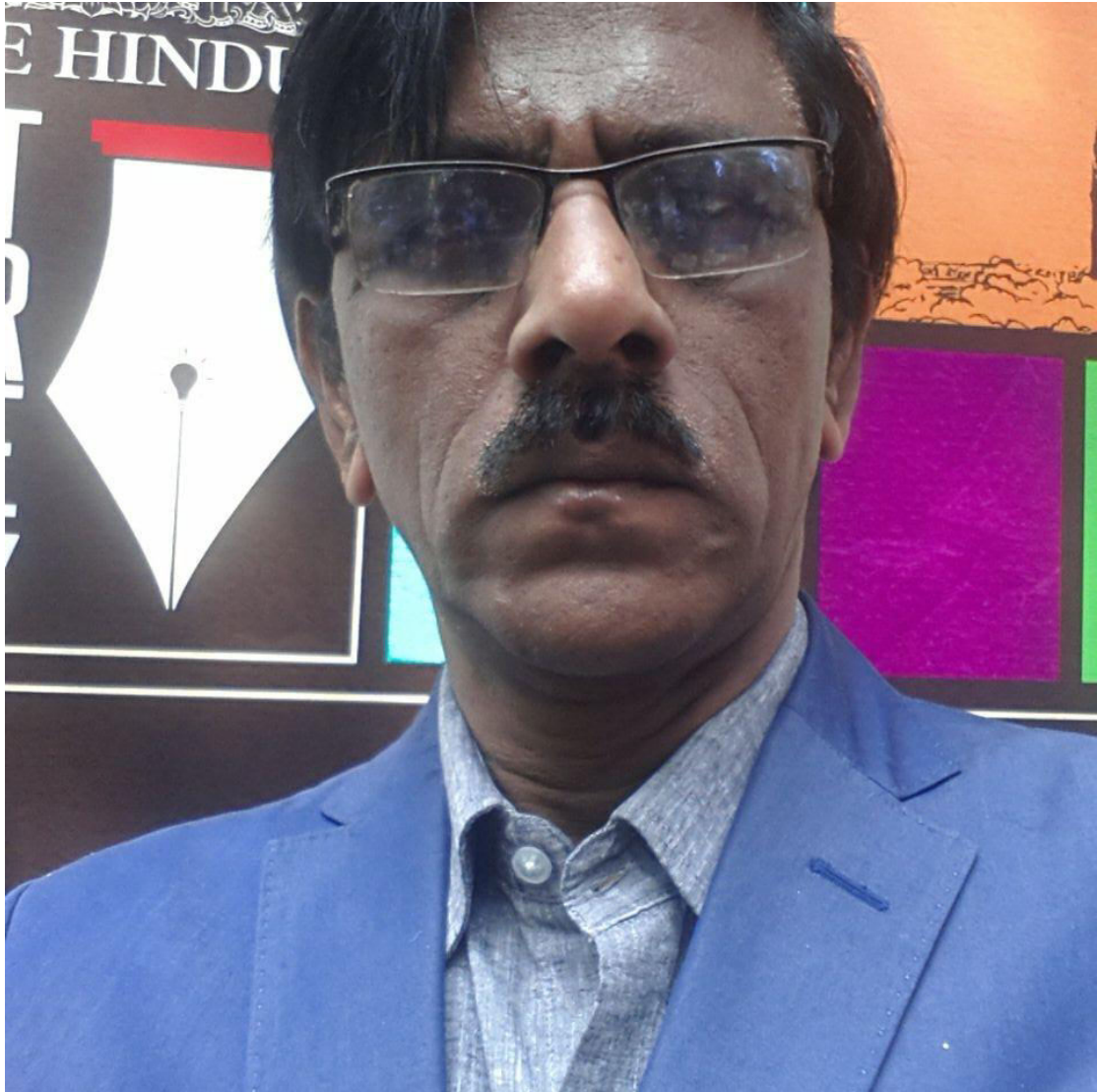
The life may be disrupted for while

Yet it is necessary for nature's style

*It brings in new way life for all kinds
“Change is the only option” it reminds*

*Remember white is the only color
That speaks of integrity and honor
White is not vacuum but real peace
Where life may again represent at ease*

Hasmukh Amathalal (b. 1947), India.



In The Fell Clutch of Circumstance

L Sr Prasad

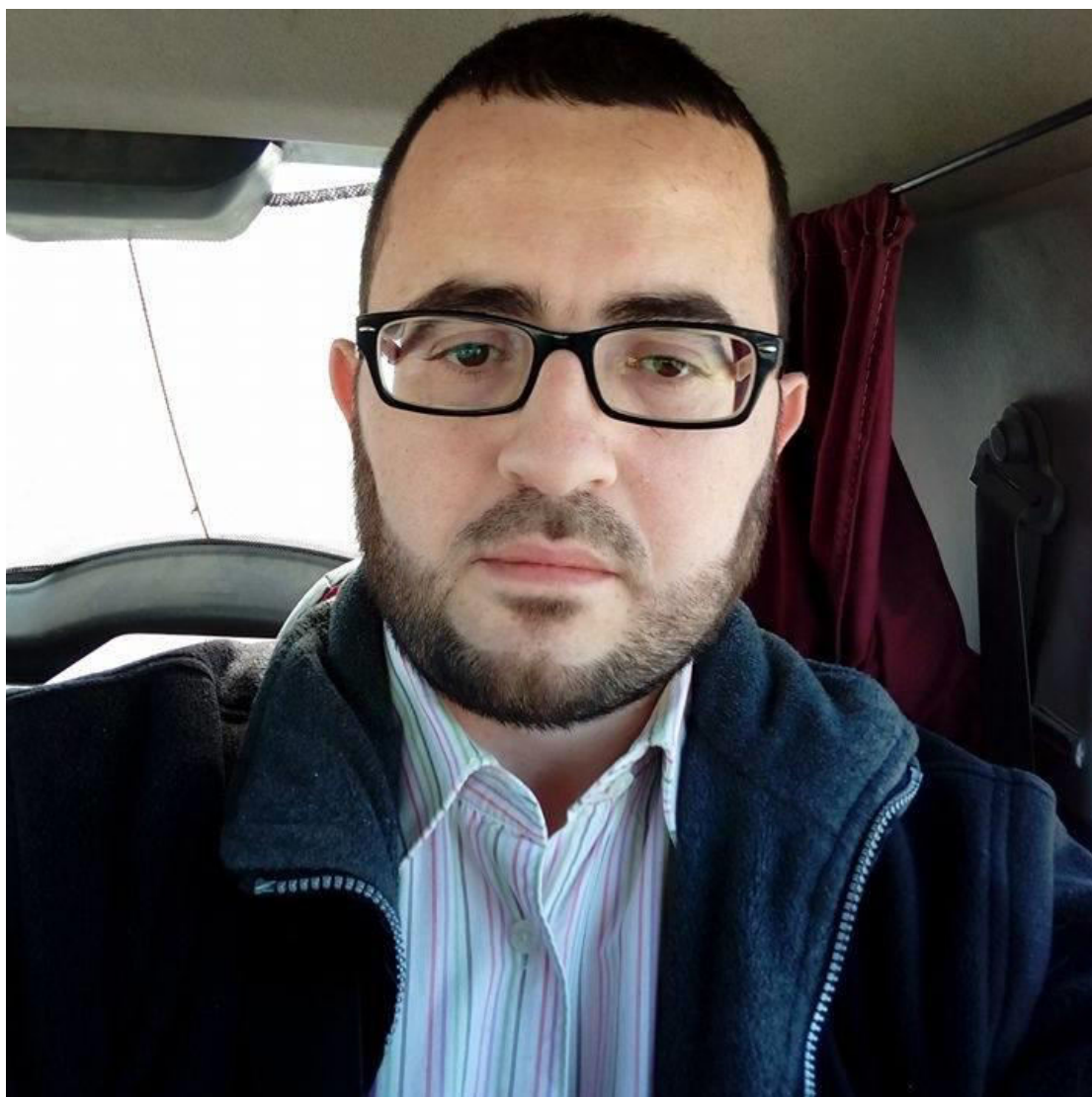
*O shackles of suffering! Thou hast imprisoned me in this city of nine gates,
But can you rob away courage from my soul and plunder the rich inmates?
Face to face I can look into the eyes of strife, prison, torture, death and Fates,
For every joy I missed and the pain I gained awaits me the reward from Heavens
gates!*

*What can these mounting winds of pain do to my mountain of courage?
The tempest shock too can't bend the stately summit of my soul with its rage!
O pain! I can resist your brute force with the shield of endurance in suffrage,
Nothing happens to me as I am not formed by nature to bear your outrage!*

*Through my sufferings and pain I rediscovered myself, nature, and the Supreme Soul,
My handicaps and distresses made me more bold and confident to face any ghoul!
I understand the impermanence of this gated city and the enemies within and without,
I study the ruins of the past cities of grandeur in mastabas of mummified sarcophagi
clout!*

*I do not go faint in the day of adversity, but drink from the cup of Never Give Up!
I share my provisions of Courage with others and conquer the Fear in its own Fort set
up!*

L Sr Prasad , India



Beyond Opaque Murk of The Night
Walid Boureghda

Our misery lingers in the opaque murk of the night.

Shedding tears cleanse our woes and leave us out of the daylight

We gulp the glumness of pain and a beaker of bereavement

In the grey murk of a sulky night with no single agreement.

In a gloomy night, we strongly feel a frisson of fear;

Led by our feel, we plot tacit castles for our craving dear.

*In a grey murk of the night, our echo fades away long with the blowing
wind;*

For an instant, our fingers shortly leave our scripts behind.

*In a sullen night, we feel a tingling solitude and stinging latent frights,
We miss the flame of love that warms us in the wintry nights,*

*We cover ourselves with the thorns of deceit from fakers;
We are dispersed underneath a coverlet of haters.*

*In the murk of the night, words are spread and leaves are fallen;
We merely crave for that patting hand we've long forgotten.*

*Time ceased ticking and the assuming bells started to ring
Amidst the twisting plots waved into the mind of our springs.*

*In the grey murk of the night, we wait for a gleamy dawn
That would make our life glimmer again when the dark withdrawn,*

*For we yearn for a renewing hope and a shimmering path.
- Hopefully we shall be sated with love far off from wrath.*

Walid Boureghda, (b. 1979), Algeria.

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